

WORD OF THE LORD

Fortunes of Many Men Made or Marred

BY THE WIFELY INFLUENCE

Dr. Talmage Discourses on an Extremely Interesting Subject—A Great Woman of the Day.

Talmage's sermon of last Sunday was based on II Kings ix, 8.

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden times. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Edom is offered him in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber—the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman.

Her husband it seems, was a golly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellencies, just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs, the wife's hand on the shuttle, on the banking house, on the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful.

If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only occasional reference down on exchange, but there often comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence.

A SUPERIOR WOMAN.

This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day—a man of large fortune and only a mediocre of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot—if you say "yes," responding "yes," if you say "no," responding "no"—inane, eye half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman.

Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen—what would ecclesiastical or glowing diadem—be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on mighty thrones have been forgotten, some grandfathers will put on their spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitality. Uncivilized and barbarous nations honor this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his Iliad. The Arabs are punctilious upon this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest, "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored, even among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place ranging their whole life-time perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families, with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpeting portenous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the untimely arrival of wagon with creaking wheels and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and enervate the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality.

GRACES OF HOSPITALITY.

Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the relaxation by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, indulgent attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, although you have nothing but the barren candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem.

Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the home of God. I am thankful that I am pastor of a church where strangers are always welcome, and there is not a state in the Union in which I have not heard the affability of the members of our church complimented. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make pilgrimages up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half-filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the company gazed on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such scorned indifference from the home of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture flourish by its hospitality, this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A good man traveling in the far west, in the wilderness, was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. There a stranger along the beams of the ceiling, and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there anxiously

perched. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and sat it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned.

Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired, and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just stop outside the door until we get through. I'll be greatly obliged to you."

Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Read his glorious Christian hospitality!

WELCOME GOD'S MESSENGER.

Again, this woman in my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission he was cordially welcome. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister—about the sympathies all around him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him.

Does sorrow come to our home and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the long night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table, are there not many to help him to drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian minister—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy!

This woman of the text was only a type of the thousands of men and women who come down from the mansion and from the cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I suppose the men of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large-hearted Christian sympathies of the women of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman in the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says, "He sat on her breast, and she wept over him, and she said, 'Where is my son?'"

Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety, faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman! will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth constituted a misfortune. Sold like cattle in the chambers. Slave of all work, and at last her body laid for the funeral pyre of her husband.

Above the shriek of the five workshops in India and above the rumbling of the juggernauts I hear the million voices of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden women. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris and the La Plata and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her.

But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vengeance are snapped, and she rises up from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification!

When I come to speak of womanly influence, my mind always wanders off to one model—the aged one who, 87 years ago, we put away for the resurrection. About 87 years ago, and just before her marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting house at Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitudes she lived harmlessly and usefully and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned away empty. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say, "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of thy comforting grace!" Her 11 children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long absent missionary son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor and the long absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home she said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

The prayer was soon answered. It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forgot, we never forgot the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket we could not help but say, "Don't she look beautiful!" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy heart, we carried her out to the last resting

place. I heard an echo of my text in a very dark hour, when my father lay dying, and the old country minister said to him, "Mr. Talmage, how do you feel now as you are about to pass the Jordan of death?" He replied—and it was the last he ever said—"I feel well! I feel very well! I feel well!" lifting his hand in a benediction, a speechless benediction, which I pray God may go down through all the generations. It is well of course it was well.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property—every picture in her case is a home picture. There are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public benevolence can ever atone for domestic negligence.

There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principles, starting them out, who has done

more for the world than many another woman whose name has resounded through all the lands and through all centuries. I remember when Kenneth was in this country there were some ladies who got reputation, honorable reputation, by presenting him very graciously with bouquets of flowers on public occasions, but what was all that compared with the work of the plain Shunemite mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kenneth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity.

SCUMILITY.

When the prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot. All I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people." Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages!

How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between gothic and byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's penciling from Bierstadt's " Yosemite"—men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have hardly enough education to pick out the day of the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors, or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy, and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries.

Of course I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel—there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovels to English cottages, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or hawks to pineapples, or the clumsiness of boots to the manners of a gentleman.

God, who strings the beads with tinted shell and the dew of the field with the dew of the night and bath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and roben red breast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments. But what I want to impress upon you is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life as among the indispensable, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded, "I dwell among my own people."

WOMAN'S DUTY TO CHRISTIANITY.

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KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The withered leaves crumble under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Haritar river until it looked like fire, but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod. While the pure spirit rests with God. I need not go back and show you Zenobia or Semiramis or Isabella or Zerkia or the woman of the text as wonders of womanly excellence or greatness when I in this moment point to your own picture gallery of memory, and show you the one face that you remember so well, and arouse all your holy remembrances, and start you in new consecration to God by the proclamation of that tender, beautiful, glorious word, "Mother, mother!"

Mr. Roberts' Check for a Cent.

A few days ago a story was published of a check for 4 cents drawn on a New York national bank and posted as a curiosity in the office of a heavy broker in Wall street. T. P. Roberts of this city has a draft which as a curiosity, outranks the 4 cent check and is on a par with the famous Bank of England note for a penny.

From 1894 to 1896 Mr. Roberts was postmaster at Hazen, N. D., and on Jan. 1, 1891, in settlement of his final account with the authorities at Washington, he received a draft on the postmaster at Chicago for 1 cent and signed an imposing formal receipt, which was sent back to Washington. The draft was in the usual form, and the paper on which it was engraved must have been worth nearly its face value. Check marks upon it showed that it had passed through many hands, and it bore the signatures of those high in authority.

A careful computation shows that the issuing of that draft for 1 cent cost the postoffice department in time and wages at least \$14. Mr. Roberts of this city has a draft which as a curiosity, outranks the 4 cent check and is on a par with the famous Bank of England note for a penny.

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A Sensible Call.

"It is so sensibly that I think I must call on Miss Millions."

"What has Miss Millions to do with the weather?"

"She always gives me such a cool reception, don't you know?"—Chicago Record.

Suitably Appointed.

Mistress—What on earth have you got that horrible rose colored dress for, Bridget?

Bridget—If ye please, ma'am, O'm expectin' a few friends this afternoon to a pink tea.—Club.

Our Rapid Transitory Existence

It brief enough without our shortening it by seeking medical aid, when we are somewhat unwell, from sources where it is only obtainable with great risk. Even if the old doctrine were true that violent diseases require violent remedies, it does not follow that drastic purgatives, narcotics, powerful "dratives" of the nervous system are advisable in cases where slight disorders manifestly call for the use of milder means of recovery, involving no subsequent danger, but equally efficient. Haver's Stomach Bitters not only relieve, but ultimately and completely relieve disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and nerves. It is a genuine tonic, healthfully stimulates the kidneys, is a thorough alterative, and a most effective preventive of chills and fever and bilious remittent. The utmost confidence can be placed in the purity and safety of its medicinal ingredients.

DR. PRICE'S

Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Want Columns

HELP WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—Men to erect line of house foundations. C. F. Adams, engineer, No. 10 South Division street. 25-47

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—A dining room girl at the Bunker Hotel. 25-47

WANTED—First-class cook, washer and ironer. Mrs. H. W. Lohr, No. 1001 1/2 St. 25-47

WANTED—AGENTS.

WANTED—In every town in Michigan agents and canvassers to handle novel and household specialties. Call on or write with references, the Detroit Twin Box company, 171 Griswold street, Detroit, Mich. 25-47

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—A nicely furnished front room, with alcove, at 100 Franklin street. 25-47

TO RENT—Suits of rooms nicely furnished for housekeeping, also single rooms at \$1.50 and \$2.00 per week. John Moran, 11 East 12th street. 25-47

FOR RENT—Room on ground floor, with or without board, 117 Bunker street. 25-47

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms in the Windsor Hotel, steam heated, gas and bath rooms. No. 10 South Division street. 25-47

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—10-room modern house on 1/2 Union street, all in good repair; \$20 a month. Also one on Park avenue for \$25, and a suit of rooms on Bridge street for \$10 a month. C. H. McCRICK, 45 Grand St. Widdowson's Block. Phone 504. 25-47

FOR RENT—BUSINESS.

TO RENT—The two-story brick building, No. 12 Union street, at 100 Franklin street. S. L. and P. C. Fuller, 11 East Bridge street. 25-47

FOR SALE OR LEASE ON EASY TERMS—A hotel with furniture and first-class bar with complete fixtures attached. Best of location in the city; position given at address P. O. Box 12 Herald office. 25-47

FACTORY FOR RENT—After July 1 we will rent our three-story and basement brick building, Nos. 4 and 6 West 12th street, central location; gas and electric light, power, elevator, steam heat, low rate insurance. Apply to Russell Carpet Sweeper Co., 215 East 12th street. 25-47

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

HACK, horse, harness for sale. JOHN R. MARTIN, 45 Grand St. Widdowson's Block. 25-47

FOR SALE—One of the finest saloons in the city; location corner Division and Fulton streets; Porter block. Will be sold cheap to the party having means. H. M. McCRICK, 45 Grand St. Widdowson's Block. 25-47

FOR SALE OR RENT—Upright piano. 25 North Front street. 25-47

FOR SALE—My entire store of furniture and miscellaneous household goods; a new house and large lot corner of Union and Center streets; house and lot No. 139 Madison street; vacant lot on Christ street; farm of ten acres 2 1/2 miles east of city limits; new buildings and all kinds of fruit; will sell or exchange for property. A. A. Lord, No. 13 Stocking street. 25-47

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Everybody to smoke the Nickel Outrigger. A hand made Havana 10c cigar for every pack of 100. See dealer for details. 700 Water street. This is a union made cigar. 25-47

MAGNETIC healing and clairvoyant readings. 129 Canal street, near the bakery. MISS E. FREE. 25-47

WANTED—A second-hand Hall single in good running order. Address box 53 South Grand street. 25-47

IMPERIAL LODGE, NO. 154—Regular convention every Friday evening at 8 o'clock at Imperial Castle hall, 52 West 12th street. H. J. DeGolia, C. C.; W. E. Neahr, K. of R. and E. R. 25-47

SNAP for traveling men who visit many towns: no sales to make; no samples to carry; no time in a few minutes, while waiting for trains. Write for particulars. "Rowing," box 816, Chicago. 25-47

WANTED—All the men to stop in and get pair of pants made to order. Vogt Hosiery and Shirts Co. 25-47

RE-UPHOLSTERING.

RE-UPHOLSTERING—Rafael H. Holt of 111 South Division street, is showing some of the interesting fabrics in upholstery goods. Telephone 500 for estimates. 25-47

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Q-T to \$15 per day at home, selling Lightning Q-T Plaster and plating jewelry, watches, clocks, etc. Business done in town or city, good as on all kinds of metal with gold silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every home has goods needing plating. H. E. Deino, Columbus, O. 25-47

WANTED—BOARDERS.

GOOD HOTEL—Cool rooms and board only \$4 to \$5; transient, \$1 and \$1.50; full fare, \$10. Lincoln House, No. 38 Spring street. Gas and water as good as any \$1.50 house. 25-47

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Let us wear the goods while paying for them. LADIES' Caps, Jackets, Mackintoshes, Suits and Dress Goods. Men's and Boys' Clothing sold on weekly payments of Ten Cents, 12 and 14 Powers' block, over Arcade, Park street; take elevator. 25-47

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MUST BE SOLD.

On account of the death of owner, a splendid house, full boiler process heating plant, capacity 125 barrels per 24 hours, in good condition; including everything on the premises. Wooded per acre \$150; city of 2,000 miles from Detroit. Call on or write to J. W. Wain, 114 1/2 Grand street, Detroit. 25-47

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Cancer Specialist!

No. 25 Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich. Send for a circular, free, describing symptoms of all kinds of cancer and explaining the causes and treatment of same. No charge for circular. No charge for treatment. You pay no money until your cure is made. 25-47

DR. D. MILTON GREENE,

Practice Confined to Diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Want Columns

REAL ESTATE—CITY.

I HAVE a customer who will pay \$100 for five thousand dollars cash down for a house and lot that will sell for \$100. Who can sell for me a good house and lot? A. F. French, 100 S. Lowell's block, opposite Brown's hotel. 25-47

REAL ESTATE—CITY.

WILLARD R. GRIFFITH, No. 6 Grand street. 25-47

SOME WELL LOCATED lots from owner on exchange for cheap house and lot, that are partly improved and will pay \$100 for \$100. W. C. 6 Grand street. 25-47

TO EXCHANGE—House and lot, 14th street, also home, large and handsome for vacant property, corner of 14th and 15th streets. C. H. 140 West Bridge street.